

Howe Gelb "Man On A String"

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nothing but a cold floor under my feat
and outside the wind blows blustery
nothing but a ghost knocking on my door
all because you can't send me love no more

{chorus}
send me no more love
it would only stand to make me sick
send me love no more
I would only get back in what I got out
real quick

I knew a man that would talk a good game
words sweet as syrup pouring down like rain
one fateless night fooling around down town
when that girl came in you could hear the sap
hit the ground

now I know a girl
with a man on a string
she likes to see how much he could take
with a come on
and little heart break
she swore she didn't need anymore
then all she could take

nothing but a cold floor under my feat
and outside the wind blows bitterly
nothing but a ghost knocking on my door
all because you can't send me love no more
{chorus}

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